

The Democratic Pioneer.

TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND THE CONSTITUTION.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 29, 1854.

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BY L. D. STARKE.

TERMS.
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POETRY.

THE BIRTH-DAY WISH.

What shall I wish thee!—that the rose
Thy sunny cheek may stay,
Thy blue eyes may long retain
The liquid light of day?
May not be, my gentle maid,—
The fairest things are first to fade.

Thou may'st tread the mazy round
Of pleasure's path all strewn with
flowers;
Thou may'st with song and dance fly
on,
Thou may'st, the laughing hours,
So swift, the laughing hours,
So swift, the laughing hours,
So swift, the laughing hours,

Thou may'st prove sweet friend-ships
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ment so that the best society of Bor-
deaux was open to her at all times.—
But although not shunning company al-
together, she lived, on the whole, in a
retired manner, and the most uncharita-
ble could attach no impropriety to her
name, although she was a single and
unprotected woman, and though more
than one suitor fluttered around her and
sought her good graces.

Such was the state of matters during
the first three years of her stay in Bor-
deaux. At the end of that time, the
countess, without any known cause, as-
sumed all the outward marks of deep
mourning, and threw her establishment
into the same sable colors. Within a
month or two afterwards it was noticed
by observant eyes that she seemed to
distinguish more than usually a certain
Monsieur Longpre, a wealthy gentleman
of Bordeaux, who had pursued her with
unabated ardor for three years, in spite
of all her reserve, and even her cold-
ness. The alteration in her manner to
him was sufficiently pointed to lead peo-
ple to conclude that he would prove the
happy man in due time. But his own
thoughts about the matter were very un-
settled, as the following words from his
lips will partly prove. Seizing an occa-
sion to press his suit, when the coun-
tess allowed him the honor of an inter-
view, he broke forth at length in half
reproachful tones: "Inesilla, why pro-
long this state of suspense, so torturing
to me? Unless I deceive myself, you
favor me above others around you; yes,
you love me. I own I have this happy
belief. What, then, causes your hesita-
tion, since you are a widow, and free?
Is it not so? If you are moved by any
feelings respecting your child, you know
that I love him, and for your sake will
love him always."

The countess, at these words, rose
from her seat, walked to where her gita-
r lay and ran heedlessly over its strings
for a few moments. She then turned
to the little boy who was playing near
her, and said to him: "Juanito! Juanito!
go and drive your humming-top else-
where; the noise gives me a headache." The
boy came and sought a caress, and
then ran cheerfully away. After his
departure, there was a pause for a minute
or two, which the countess broke in
upon by saying: "Let us talk, Monsieur
Longpre, on a subject different from the
last. This guitar has reminded me of
Spain—of Madrid—and of Manuela, a
poor girl there. Her story is an interest-
ing one; listen, and I will tell it to
you—that is, if you choose to hear it."—
The lover was by no means pleased at
this evasion of the subject which he
had so much at heart, there was so
much of grave earnestness in the tones
with which the countess made the re-
quest, that he at once expressed his wil-
lingness to hear the story.

"There lived at Madrid, five years
ago," began the countess, "a merchant
named Morales, whose fortune was so
considerable, that his only daughter was
considered one of the best matches in
the city. Dolores, as she was called,
joined to her pecuniary advantages, a
countenance and form which the young
men of Madrid declared to be of su-
perior beauty. A cavalier, the flower
of the noble youths of Spain, saw and
loved her. I will spare, my friend, an ac-
count of all the concerts and serenades
by which Don Miguel sought to excite a
reciprocal passion in the heart of Do-
lores. Young, noble, accomplished and
rich, he soon made the desired impres-
sion, and no obstacles being interposed,
he was received in the house of Morales
as an accepted suitor. Like others of
his race, and sex, Dolores was jealous of
possessing love, where she gave love;
and again and again, to please her, Don
Miguel vowed that the daughter of Mo-
rales was the only woman who had ever
touched his heart, and that she should
be his last love, as she was his first.—
The marriage-day of the happy pair was
fixed; it came, and before the priest and
her friends, Dolores gave her hand to
Don Miguel.

A ball followed in the evening. It
was yet early when Dolores, over-
powered by the warmth of the dancing-
rooms, and agitated by the all-important
event of the day, retired for a few min-
utes with some of her female friends, in
order to rest herself and calm her spirits.
She was seated in her chamber with her
companions, when a foot step was heard
at the door of her apartment.—
"You cannot enter—do not enter," Don
Miguel cried one of the two ladies,
starting up from the easy postures into
which, fatigued by the dance, they had
thrown themselves. They conceived that
Miguel had missed Dolores from the
dance, and had come to inquire after her.
But when in spite of their exclamation,
the door of the chamber was opened,
they beheld—not Don Miguel, but Ma-
nuela, the flower-girl.

"Manuela, the flower-girl, was so re-
markable for her beauty and handsome
figure, that few men who were in the
habit of walking on the Prado were ac-
quainted with her by name and appear-
ance. But when she entered the cham-
ber of Dolores on the marriage evening
of the latter, very unlike her usual ap-
pearance was that presented by the flower-
girl. Her long black hair hung in dis-
order around her pale face, and her dark
eyes flamed with feverish excitement.
She bore before her, by a strap, her
flower-basket, in which lay, bedded up
on flowers, an infant of two months old.
"Where is the bride?" demanded Ma-
nuela hoarsely, as soon as she entered.
"Manuela!" cried Dolores, trembling
she knew not why, yet endeavoring to
seem at ease, "I am the bride; and you
shall bear my bouquet to court."

"You the bride?" exclaimed Manuela
who knew and was known to Dolores:
"is it you whom he is to marry?"
"Whom he is to marry, Manuela?"

answered Dolores; "say whom he has
married? Hath not Don Miguel sent
you—sent you to strew our nuptial way
with flowers?"
"The traitor!" cried Manuela. "Be-
hold that infant! it is his—it is mine—
it is ours!" The tears of the flower-girl
here burst forth in torrents; but she
checked them, and continued: "Ah! if
you knew all his treachery—all his
wickedness. I—a poor girl—sought to
avoid him; but he married me—yes;
he married me, and the marriage was a
false one! I discovered his deceit; but
he came to my father and to my mother,
and he calmed them by renewing all
his protestations and his promises. It
was two months since my child was born;
he was with me then, but I knew not
the truth! I know now, that it was but to
deceive me the more fully. He already
loved you—already!"

Here the poor flower-girl fell down
in an exhausted state. She was tenderly
laid by the agitated bride and her
friends, and recovered somewhat
her strength. "Only to-day, about two
hours since, I learned that Don Miguel
was to wed another. Then I thought,
in my madness, of killing him; but I
grew more calm. Poor child! what
would become of him—his father killed;
his mother poisoned! The fainting
condition of the flower-girl explained
her words. She had not avenged her
self on Don Miguel but unable to live,
she had taken poison. "Take my child,"
said she to the bride, as she grew mo-
mentarily weaker, "protect him, watch
over him, be a mother to him. If you
can still love Don Miguel after his cruel
abandonment of his child and me, the
poor flower-girl shall not be in your
way. But, oh! promise to a dying
mother that you will take care of her
child!"

Dolores had rather sighed than spoken
the desired promise, when a knock
was heard at the chamber door. Do-
lores instantly caused it to be fastened
within. The knocks were then repeated,
and the voice of Don Miguel was
heard desiring admittance. "You can-
not enter," answered one of the women.
The bridegroom addressed himself to
Dolores, and, seeming to believe her ill-
bought admittance. The passionate
words of affection which he poured out
for the ear of the bride fell unheeded.
Dolores hung over the dying flower-girl,
"Manuela," cried she, "this child shall
never be parted from me while I live,
Manuela! Manuela!" continued she in
tones of the deepest sympathy, "live for
your child and Don Miguel—he shall be
restored to you; mine he is not, and
never shall be! Ah, help! she dies!"

While Dolores was thus engaged,
Don Miguel continued for admittance;
and by this time, either through the
noise, or by reason of the bride's ab-
sence, a whisper had gone through the
maison that something was amiss.—
Morales, with a number of the party,
left the ball room, and came to the door
of his daughter's chamber. "My child,"
cried he, "it is I. Open to me, if any-
thing be amiss, let your father be with
you. Open to me!"
On hearing her father's voice, Do-
lores, who was tenderly wiping the foam
from the convulsed lips of Manuela,
roused herself, and gave orders for the
opening of the chamber-door. "Let all
enter," she said firmly. Her command
was obeyed; and the first person who
rushed forward was Don Miguel. What
was his amazement and horror when
upon the bridal-bed of Dolores, he saw
the pale countenance of one but too well
known to him. Manuela had not yet
expired. At the instant of his advance
she opened her eyes, and a flash of fire
shot across her eye-bellied lustre. She
slowly raised her finger, and directing
it towards him, she said: "Miserable
man, I pardon thee! But beware of my
father—he will kill thee. As she spoke
Manuela sank backwards, and died al-
most in the arms of Dolores.

The dying woman, her words, and
the sight of the infant, formed but too
full an explanation of this scene to all
who entered the chamber. Conscience
struck at least for the moment, Don
Miguel fled from the spot. The affair
made a great noise in Madrid, but none
could condole with Dolores on the
subject, as, on the morning of the event,
she had quitted Madrid with the child
of Manuela. She died. Can you guess
who she was, and whither she fled?
"I can—I see her before me!"
"You are right. I fled, in the first
instance, with the child of Manuela to a
convent, where my father visited me,
and where we concerted measures to
prevent the assertion by Don Miguel of
those marital rights, which would not
not tempt me to concede. It was
deemed best that I should go to France.
I did so, and was never molested by Don
Miguel while he lived; but within the
past year the words of Manuela were
fulfilled; her betrayer fell by the hand
of her father."

"Now, Monsieur Longpre," continued
the countess, "you wish me to be your
wife, I—I own I esteem—I love you;
but my heart trembles at the recollec-
tion of the past, for believe not that I
escaped without suffering. Assure me
on this point and my hand is yours. I
well believe that you would not insult
me by paying addresses while bound by
other legal engagements; but assure me
that none can renew in your case the
death scene of Manuela—that the vows
paid to me are violations of the actual
though unacknowledged rights of any
other—and I am willingly, gladly yours."

M. Longpre, need we say, eagerly
gave the assurance required. Nor did
he deceive her. When their marriage-
day came as it soon did, the happiness
of Dolores suffered no alloy from the
cause which she had long feared, and
afforded her only a specimen of the un-
interrupted felicity of many after years.

COUNT PULASKI. A LEGEND OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

It was at the battle of Brandywine
that Count Pulaski appeared in his glo-
ry.

As he rode, charging there, into the
thick of the battle, he was a warrior
to look upon, and never forget.

Mounted on a large black horse whose
strength and beauty of shape made you
forget the plainness of his caparison,
Pulaski himself, with a form six feet in
height, massive chest and limbs of iron,
was attired in a white uniform, that was
seen from afar, relieved by the clouds of
battle. His face grim with the scars of
Poland, was the face of a man who had
seen much trouble, endured much wrong.
It was stamped with an expression of
melancholy. Bronzed in hue, lighted
by large dark eyes, with a lip darkened
by a thick moustache, his throat and
chin were covered with a heavy beard,
while his hair fell in raven masses from
beneath his trooper's cap, shielded with
a ridge of glittering steel. His hair and
beard were of the same hue.

The sword that hung by his side,
fashioned of tempered steel, with a hilt
of iron, was one that a warrior alone
could lift.

It was in this array he rode to battle,
followed by a band of three hundred
men, whose faces burned with the
scorching of a tropical sun, or hardened
by northern snows, bore the scars of
many a battle. They were mostly Euro-
pean; some Germans, some Poles, some
deserters from the British army.—
To be taken by the British would be
death, and death on the gibbet; there-
fore, they fought their best and fought
to the last gasp, rather than mutter a
word about quarters.

When they charged it was as one
man, their three hundred swords flashing
over their heads, against the clouds of
battle. They came down upon the en-
emy in terrible silence, without a word
spoken, not even a whisper. You could
hear the tramp of their steeds, you could
hear the rattling of their scabbards, but
that was all.

Yet when they closed with the British,
you could hear a noise like that of a
hundred hammers, beating the hot iron
on the anvil. You could see Pulaski
himself, riding yonder in his white uni-
form, his black steed rearing aloft, as
turning his head over his shoulder, he
spoke to his men: "Forwards, Brudern,
Forwards!"

It was but broken German, yet they
understood it, those three hundred men
of sunburnt faces, wounds and gashes.—
With one burst they crashed upon the
enemy. For a few minutes then the
ground was covered with dead, while
the living enemy scattered in panic be-
fore their path.

It was on this battle day of Brandy-
wine that the Count was in his glory;
he understood but little English, so that
he spoke what he had to say with the
edge of his sword. It was a severe
Lexington, but the British soon learned to
read it, and to know it, and to fear it.—
All over the field, from yonder Quaker
meeting house away to the top of Os-
burn's Hill, the soldiers of the enemy
saw Pulaski come, and learned to know
his name by heart.

That white uniform, that bronzed vi-
sage, that black horse, with burning eye
and quivering nostrils, they knew the
warrior well; they trembled when they
heard him say:

"Forwards, Brudern, Forwards!"
It was in the retreat of Brandywine
that the Count was most terrible. It
was when the men of Sullivan—badly
armed, poorly fed, shabbily clad—gave
way, step by step, before the over-
whelming discipline of the British host,
that Pulaski looked like a battle fiend, mounted
on his demon steed.

His cap had fallen from his brow.—
His bare head shone in an occasional
sunbeam, or grew crimson with a flash
from a cannon or rifle. His white uni-
form was rent and stained; in fact from
head to foot, he was covered with dust
and blood.

Still his right arm was free—still it
rose there, executing British hurling
when it fell—still his voice was heard
hoarse and husky, but strong in its every
tones—"Forwards, Brudern!"

He beheld the division of Sullivan re-
treating from the field, he saw the British
yonder, stripping their coats from
their backs, in the madness of pursuit.
He looked to the south for Washington,
who, with the reserve, under Greene,
was hurrying to the rescue, but the
American chief was invisible.

Then Pulaski was convulsed with
rage.

He rode madly upon the bayonets of
the pursuing English, his sword gathering
victims, even there, in front of their
whole army, he lunged his steed across
the path of the retreating Americans he
brought them in broken English, to
turn, to make one more effort; he shout-
ed in hoarse tones that the day was not
yet lost!

They did not understand his words,
but the force in which it was spoken
thrilled their blood. That picture, too,
standing out from the clouds of battle—
a warrior convulsed with passion, cov-
ered with blood, leaning over the neck
of his steed, while his eyes seemed
turned to fire, and the muscles of his
bronzed face withered like serpents—
that picture, I say, filled many a heart
with revived courage, renewed many a
wounded arm for the fight again.

Those people that know but little of
the American General who call him the
American Fabius, that is, a general com-
pound of prudence and caution, with but
a spark of enterprise. American Fabi-
us! When you will show me that the
Roman Fabius had a heart of fire, nerves
of steel, a soul that hungered for the
charge, an enterprise that rushed from
the wilds like the Shippack, upon an ar-
my like the British at Germantown, or
started from ice and snow like that
which lay across the Delaware upon
hordes like those of the Hessians, at
Trenton—then I will lower Washington
down into Fabius. This comparison of
our heroes, with the barbarian demi-
gods of Rome, only illustrates the pov-
erty of the mind that makes it.

Compare Brutus, the assassin of his
friend, with Washington, the savior of
the people! Cicero, the opponent of a
Cataline, with Henry, the Champion of
a Continent! What beggary of thought!
Let us learn to be independent, to know
our real men as they were, not by com-
parison with the barbarian heroes of old
Rome.

Let us learn that Washington was no
negative thing, but all chivalry and gen-
ius.

It was in the battle of Brandywine
that this truth was made plain. He
came rushing on to battle. He beheld
his men hewn down by the British, he
heard them shriek his name, and regard-
less of his personal safety, he rushed to
join them.

Yes, it was in the dread havoc of that
retreat that Washington rushing for-
ward into the very center of the melee,
was entangled in the enemy's troops
on the top of a high hill, southwest of
the Meeting House, while Pulaski was
fast sweeping on with his grim smile,
to take one more bout with the eager
red coats.

Washington was in a terrible danger—
his troops were rushing to the south—
the British troops came sweeping up the
hill, and round him—while Pulaski, on
a hill some hundred yards distant, was
scattering a parting blessing among the
hordes of Hanover.

It was a glorious prize, this Mister
Washington in the heart of the British
army.

Suddenly the Poland turned—his
eye caught the sight of the iron gray
and his rider. He turned to his troop-
ers; his lip wreathed with a grim smile,
he waved his sword—he pointed to the
iron gray and his rider.

There was but one moment!
With one impulse that iron band
wheeled their war horses, and then a
dark body, solid and compact, was speed-
ing over the valley like a thunder-bolt
from the sky—three hundred swords rose
glittering in the faint glimpse of sunlight,
in front of the avalanche. With his form
raised to its full height, a dark frown on
his brow, a fierce smile on his lip, rode
Pulaski! Like a spirit roused into life
by the thunder-bolt, he rode—his eyes
were fixed on the iron gray and its rider,
his hand but one look, one shout for—
Washington!

The British troops had encircled the
American leader—already they felt se-
cure of their prey—already the head of
that traitor, Washington seemed to yawn
above the gates of London.

But the trembling of the earth in the
valley yonder. What does it mean?
That terrible beating of hoofs, what
does it portend?

That ominous silence—and now that
shout—not of words or shrieks, but half
yell, half hurrah, which shrieks from the
iron men as they scent their prey!
What means it all?

Pulaski on our track! The terror of
the British army is on our wake!
And on he came—he and his gallant
band. A moment and he swept over the
Britishers—crushed, mangled, dead and
dying they strewn the green sod—he
passed over the hill—he had passed the
form of Washington.

Another moment! And the iron band
had wheeled—back in the same career
of death came! Routed, defeated, crush-
ed, the red coats flee from the form of
George Washington—they encircle him
in their forms of oak, their swords of
steel—the shout of his name shrieks
through the air, away to the American
host they bear him in all a soldier's bat-
tle joy.

It was at Savannah that night came
down on Pulaski.

Yes, I see him now, under the gloom
of night riding forward towards yonder
ramparts, his black steed rearing aloft,
while two hundred of his iron men fol-
low at his back.

Right on, neither looking to the right
or left, he rides, his eyes fixed upon the
cannon of the British, his sword gleam-
ing over his head.

For the last time they hear that war
cry—"Forwards, Brudern, Forwards!"

The flash once gone, they saw Pulaski
no more. But they found him, yes, be-
neath the enemy's cannon, crushed by
the cannon that killed his steed—yes,
they found them, the horse and rider,
together in death, that noble face glaring
in the midnight sky with glaucous eyes.

Soin his glory he died. Died while
America and Poland were yet in chains.
He died in the stout hope that they both
would one day be free. With regard to
America his hope has been fulfilled, by
Poland—

Tell me, shall not the day come, when
yonder monument—erected by those
warm Southern hearts near Savannah—
will yield up its dead?

down by one desperate charge.
It was at this moment that Washing-
ton came rushing once more to the bat-
tle.

Those people that know but little of
the American General who call him the
American Fabius, that is, a general com-
pound of prudence and caution, with but
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Suddenly the Poland turned—his
eye caught the sight of the iron gray
and his rider. He turned to his troop-
ers; his lip wreathed with a grim smile,
he waved his sword—he pointed to the
iron gray and his rider.

There was but one moment!
With one impulse that iron band
wheeled their war horses, and then a
dark body, solid and compact, was speed-
ing over the valley like a thunder-bolt
from the sky—three hundred swords rose
glittering in the faint glimpse of sunlight,
in front of the avalanche. With his form
raised to its full height, a dark frown on
his brow, a fierce smile on his lip, rode
Pulaski! Like a spirit roused into life
by the thunder-bolt, he rode—his eyes
were fixed on the iron gray and its rider,
his hand but one look, one shout for—
Washington!

The British troops had encircled the
American leader—already they felt se-
cure of their prey—already the head of
that traitor, Washington seemed to yawn
above the gates of London.

But the trembling of the earth in the
valley yonder. What does it mean?
That terrible beating of hoofs, what
does it portend?

That ominous silence—and now that
shout—not of words or shrieks, but half
yell, half hurrah, which shrieks from the
iron men as they scent their prey!
What means it all?

Pulaski on our track! The terror of
the British army is on our wake!
And on he came—he and his gallant
band. A moment and he swept over the
Britishers—crushed, mangled, dead and
dying they strewn the green sod—he
passed over the hill—he had passed the
form of Washington.

Another moment! And the iron band
had wheeled—back in the same career
of death came! Routed, defeated, crush-
ed, the red coats flee from the form of
George Washington—they encircle him
in their forms of oak, their swords of
steel—the shout of his name shrieks
through the air, away to the American
host they bear him in all a soldier's bat-
tle joy.

It was at Savannah that night came
down on Pulaski.

Yes, I see him now, under the gloom
of night riding forward towards yonder
ramparts, his black steed rearing aloft,
while two hundred of his iron men fol-
low at his back.

Right on, neither looking to the right
or left, he rides, his eyes fixed upon the
cannon of the British, his sword gleam-
ing over his head.

For the last time they hear that war
cry—"Forwards, Brudern, Forwards!"

The flash once gone, they saw Pulaski
no more. But they found him, yes, be-
neath the enemy's cannon, crushed by
the cannon that killed his steed—yes,
they found them, the horse and rider,
together in death, that noble face glaring
in the midnight sky with glaucous eyes.

Soin his glory he died. Died while
America and Poland were yet in chains.
He died in the stout hope that they both
would one day be free. With regard to
America his hope has been fulfilled, by
Poland—

the banners of nations, will her children
come to Savannah to gather up the ashes
of our hero, and bear him home, with
the chant of priests, with the thunder of
cannon, with the tears of millions, even
as repentant France bore back her own
Napoleon.

Yes, the day is coming, when Kosciusz-
ko and Pulaski will sleep side by side,
beneath the soil of re-created Poland.

**FRENCH COURTSHIP AND MAR-
RIAGE.**

Did you ever see a French wedding?
Here you are, on the place St. Sulpice.
Houses

ARRIVAL OF THE BALTIC
THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.
INTELLIGENCE MORE WARLIKE
France and England Recalled their
Ministers.
PROPOSALS OF THE CZAR REJECTED.
Omar Pacha crossed the Danube with 50,000
Men.
3,000,000 Cannon Balls Manufactured, &c
DECLINE IN BREADSTUFFS.
COTTON ADVANCED.
Money Easy—Consols Advanced.
HER ADVICES ARE LIVERPOOL, FEB. 8

New York, Feb. 20.—The steamer
Baltic arrived here at three o'clock this
morning bringing three days' later advices
from all parts of Europe.
The political advices are highly im-
portant.
Breadstuffs.—The market for bread-
stuffs was depressed. Flour declined
9 1/2 cts. Canal 4 1/2 cts. Philadelphia, Balti-
more and Ohio 4 1/2 cts. 64 1/2 cts.
Wheat also declined 6 1/2 cts. per bushel.
Indian Corn declined 6 1/2 cts. per qr., yellow
49 1/2 cts. 64 1/2 cts. 64 1/2 cts. 64 1/2 cts.
Provisions were quiet and without
special change in prices.
Groceries quiet. No notable change
in coffee. Rice 24 1/2 cts.
Naval Stores—firm. Steady sales.
The Liverpool Cotton Market was
firm, and prices advanced 1 1/2 cts. with more
activity—Sales of the three days 20,000
bales. Fair Orleans 6 1/2 cts. fair uplands 6 1/2
Mobile 6 1/2 cts. New Orleans 5 1/2 cts. 15-16
Do uplands 5 1/2 cts. Mobile 5 1/2 cts. Do
The Havre Cotton market was firmer, prices
steadily.
American stocks were firm and in re-
quest at previous prices, with a good
demand.
Philadelphia and Baltimore Flour 4 1/2
ex ship; yellow corn 49 1/2 cts. Cotton
closed at the quotations per the Canada
Quite a speculative feeling prevailing
London, Wednesday. Noon Consols
closed at 92 1/2 cts. and on account 91 1/2
92 1/2 showing a further advance.

POLITICAL NEWS.
The political news by the Baltic is of
the most important importance, and looks
warlike in the extreme.
The British and French Ministers had
been ordered by their respective Govern-
ments to withdraw from St. Petersburg.
The final proposals of the Czar of
Russia had been rejected, and active
preparations for hostilities had com-
menced.
The French Government had ordered the
immediate manufacture of three mil-
lions of cannon balls.
One half of the English revenue
marine force had been ordered to be
engaged into the naval service.
The Canal steamers had been ordered
by the admiralty to convey troops and
munitions of war to the seat of war.
Both in France and England the most
extensive preparations for war were
being made. Six thousand men were
to be sent from England immediately—
they were to be taken up from the dif-
ferent stations. Ten thousand men will
soon be collected, and this force will
form the first expedition. There is no
doubt that the celebrated Brigade Guards
as well as the forty-sixth regiment will
form part of this expedition, they having
been under orders for Australia, but are
now ordered to hold themselves in re-
adiness for foreign service, which has
already taken all the best men, leaving
for home duty only young soldiers and
raw recruits.

ENGLAND.
Very strong debates had taken place
in the British Parliament. The govern-
ment seemed firmly resolved on war.—
It was stated on the highest authority
that the four Powers had positively re-
jected the Czar of Russia's last propo-
sals.
Admiral Seymour will undoubtedly
command the Baltic fleet, assisted by
Sir Chas. Napier and Earl Darnley.
It is said that six ships with troops
will sail for the Baltic Sea, accompanied
by an armed Turkish steamer. It is
also stated that four vessels originally
taken up by Government, to convey troops
from Ireland to the West Indies, have
since been taken up on monthly charters,
so that they may be available to proceed
to any point at the shortest notice.

FRANCE.
The French have been forbid from
publishing the movements of the troops,
except as announced by Government in
the Moniteur.
The Russian Ambassador left Paris on
the 6th January for Germany.
The Emperor Napoleon at a cabinet
council, held at the Tuilleries, expressed
the necessity of the most vigorous
preparations, which were then ordered
to be continued both night and day.
Immense orders for dress and amuni-
tion of all kinds had been given, and
fresh troops were being inspected daily.
Eighty thousand men would be ready to
embark in one week. The island of
Mileene would in all probability be the
chief depot of the French.
The greatest activity prevailed in the
navy departments, and levies of seamen
were arriving from all quarters of the
country.

EASTERN AFFAIRS.
Omar Pacha was crossing the Danube
at the head of fifty thousand men, and
has cut off all communication between
the Russian armies.
The failure of Count Orloff's mission is
fully confirmed.
It is rumored that Serbia will refuse
to receive the two firmans of the Sultan
without the consent of Russia.
It is said that the Czar is about to
write an autograph letter to the Queen
of England, which will endeavor to prove
that he has not been the aggressor.
The allied fleets had returned to Bey-
cos Bay.
There are rumored accounts of scarci-
ty of provisions at Sinope.
One account places the Russian fleet
at Sebastopol, and another at Kaffra.

IN JAPAN, if a man dies in office,
deeply in debt, it is concealed, until the
accumulation of his salary has paid his
creditors—all things going on as if he
were still alive. We wish some of those
who owe us would go to Japan and die
in office.



TUESDAY MORNING, Feb'y 28, 1854.
DEMOCRATIC MEETING.

A meeting of the Democracy
of Pasquotank county will be
held at the Court House in
Elizabeth City on Tuesday next
7th March, for the purpose of
appointing delegates to the De-
mocratic State Convention to be
held in Raleigh on the 19th
April, and for other purposes.
A full attendance is desired.

MANY DEMOCRATS.
CONGRESS.—Beyond the Nebraska
discussion, (which presents no new fea-
ture,) the proceedings of this body dur-
ing the last week were devoid of any
unusual interest.

STATUE OF JEFFERSON.—It affords us
sincere pleasure to perceive that both
branches of the Legislature of Virginia
have passed a law appropriating \$10-
000 for a statue of Thomas Jefferson, to
be executed by Mr. Galt, the youthful
Virginia sculptor, and to be placed in
the University of Virginia, the object
of the deep regard of the apostle of State
Rights.

The Farmer's Journal.
We have received the February No.
of this valuable agricultural journal,
which has done and is doing so much to
advance the farming interests of the
State. Dr. J. F. Tompkins, its editor,
is devoting his best energies to the work
of promoting the prosperity of the tillers
of the soil, who will find the "Journal"
a valuable auxiliary in ascertaining and
developing the resources of their lands.
The "Journal" is published in Raleigh
at the low rate of one dollar per annum.

EDITORIAL.—We had the pleasure of
meeting with our brother of the quill,
Mr. Drinkard, of the "Merfreesboro Ga-
zette," at Gatesville, last week. We
were gratified to learn that the very in-
teresting and well conducted paper over
which he presides is receiving a liberal
encouragement. If we were to follow
the example of the inveterate wag of the
Gazette, we should present a portrait of
our editorial confrere; but as we are a
poor painter, we shall content ourselves
by remarking that Mr. Drinkard is quite
handsome—has an intelligent expression,
and is decidedly agreeable in his man-
ners.

New Music.
We are indebted to the publishers,
Messrs. Wm. Hall & Son, 239, Broad-
way, New York, for several pieces of
new music, viz: "There is darkness on
the mountain;" "The Quiet Family
Polka;" "Flora Mazurka;" and "Hazel
Dell." While we are not sufficiently
skilled in music to express an opinion
upon that point, we are warranted in
saying that the words of the ballad
"There is darkness on the mountain,"
are very beautiful, and of the Song
"Hazel Dell," are exceedingly touch-
ing. We intend to hand them over to
some one capable of appreciating the
music, and then shall be better able to
express an enlightened opinion. Mean-
while the publishers will please accept
our thanks for their attention.

The North Carolina delegation in
Congress, we are happy to learn, is a
unit upon the Nebraska bill. Messrs.
Badger and Kerr have delivered speech-
es on the subject, which vindicate their
adhesion to the rights of the South in
this instance, and the rest of the dele-
gation are known to hold views similar
to those expressed by them in the main.—
By the way, Mr. Kerr's speech will prove
an excellent commentary, we judge,
upon the past course of the Whigs of
this State. We have not yet seen a full
report of it; but when we do, we pro-
pose to publish portions of it for the en-
lightenment of benighted Whiggery and
the amusement of our Democratic friends.
If the Whigs don't keep a sharp eye on
Mr. Kerr he will make as good a speech
for us as a certain gentleman yclept
David Outlaw.

We are requested to state that
Mr. S. W. N. Parker, agent for the
American tract Society, is now in this
Town with a supply of religious tracts,
books, &c., which he will dispose of on
accommodating terms. He may be found
at the Hotel of Geo. A. Williams, Esq.,
where his stock of books, &c., may be
seen. We commend them to an exami-
nation by all disposed to further the ob-
ject he has in view.

The Washington Star of Saturday
afternoon says that a meeting of the South-
ern Whigs of Congress was held last
Thursday, in which a resolution was un-
animously adopted denouncing and re-
pudiating the National Intelligencer.

A STARTLING REPORT.
RUSSIA GATHERING FORCES IN THIS
COUNTRY.

The New York Courier des Etats Un-
is, of Saturday last, has an article in
relation to the Russia and Turkey war,
in which it is stated that there are now
in New York several officers of rank in
the Military and Naval service of the
Emperor of Russia, ostensibly for the pur-
pose of superintending the construction
of two steam frigates, now building in
one of the ship yards on the East river,
but really for the purpose, in which they
are actually engaged, of recruiting sail-
ors for the Russian service! The Cour-
ier says:—

About two months ago, some of the
New York papers were thrown into con-
siderable excitement, if we may use so
strong an expression, by the arrival in
this city of several Russian officers. Am-
ong these officers some belonged to the
Naval and some to the military service
of the Czar. The arrival of the first
squad was, to some extent, explained by
the necessity of superintending the con-
struction of two steam frigates then build-
ing on the East River, for the Russian
Emperor. But this superintendence did
not, certainly, require the presence of
so large a number of persons—(seven or
eight, if we are correctly informed,)—
least of all such individuals as a Brigadier-
General and officers of the Imperial Staff.

It then notices the rumors and reports
to which the arrival of these Russian of-
ficers give rise, and says that its in-
quiries authorize it to say:—
"That not only is an active enlist-
ment of sailors, instead of soldiers, quietly
going on in New York and various other
ports of this Union, but that the object
for which they are to be used is not the
formation of regiments, but the manning
and equipment of privateers and cruisers!"

The Courier adds:—
The assertion may seem to be a dan-
gerous one; it would in any case be less
remarkable than that of which we spoke
above. But we have reason to consider
it well founded.

The affair has been managed through-
out with a discretion which savors, in
the highest degree, of European diplo-
macy; but for which, we freely confess,
we had not been prepared by the bare
face conspiracies that we have from time
to time been called upon to denounce.—
But for this very reason the peril is the
greater and more imminent.

A small number of agents, selected
with extreme care and skill, have been
first brought over and enrolled, and then
sent to work among the sea-faring and
other adventurers with which the Union
has been swarming for some years past.
Through them it has been cleverly as-
certained what would, in certain cases,
be the reception accorded by certain
individuals, to categorical propositions
openly inviting them to act against the
French and English shipping. Conferences,
of a more or less explicit nature,
have been brought about with particular
parties, varying in their character ac-
cording to the person thus approached;
lists have been drawn up; tables of crews
and equipments prepared, and the very
ships selected which would be the most
likely to suit! So thoroughly has this
work been done that, upon the receipt
of intelligence that the first canon shot
had been fired in the Black Sea, nothing
would remain to be done but the filling
up of letters-of-marque, in order to cover
the Atlantic with a fleet of American
privateers carrying the Russian flag at
their mast head!

The Director of the U. S. Mint at
Philadelphia has submitted an interest-
ing report on the operations of that es-
tablishment. It appears that the coin-
age, including gold bars, executed at the
Mint in Philadelphia, in 1853, has
amounted to \$60,111,249 72; of which
\$36,355,621 were in gold coins, \$15-
\$35,907 94 were in refined gold bars;
\$9,077,571 were in silver coin, and
\$67,039 78 in copper coins.

The total coinage of the mint and all
its branches, for the year 1853, was as
follows:—Gold, \$55,213,906 91; silver,
\$9,077,571; copper, \$67,039 78. Total,
\$64,358,517 72.

The entire coinage at the several
mints, from the time they commenced
operations amounted to \$381,797,299.

The Director of the Mint says that
"the diminution of the standard weight
of the half dollar and lower denomina-
tions of silver coins, authorized by the
act of March 3, 1853, has been attend-
ed with good results. Under its opera-
tions we have had a large supply of sil-
ver bullion, and the silver coinage of
the new issue has reached the sum of
\$6,654,161, which is a larger amount
than was struck during the five years
preceding. Several millions of silver
coins have thus been added to the cur-
rency; and if the circulation of small
notes could be excluded, so as to render
the supply necessary, in a short time
the new coin would be in general use in
every part of our country. The appre-
ciation of silver rendered this alteration
necessary. The silver coins of the for-
mer standard were issued at the rate of
116 4-11 cents per ounce. The average
price of silver of like fineness at London
and Paris, for several months past, has
been 121 cents per ounce.

The three-dollar gold coin, author-
ized by the last Congress, will be issued
as soon as the dies now in progress are
completed. From the close approxima-
tion in weight and value which this coin
will have to the quarter eagle, it has
been deemed expedient to make the de-
vices upon it different from any coin
heretofore issued. The devices adapted
for the obverse is an ideal head em-
blematic of America, enclosed within
the national legend. The reverse will
present a wreath indicating the most
prominent productions of our soil, and
enclosing the denomination and date of
the coin."

Whig State Convention—its Nominee
and Platform.

The Whig State Convention assem-
bled in Raleigh on Tuesday last for the
purpose of nominating a candidate to
represent the party in the approaching
campaign—and after due deliberation,
the choice fell upon Gen. Alfred Dockery,
of Richmond county. Of him it is un-
necessary to speak more at length at
present—though, to be candid, we know
of nothing that could be said of him that
would not apply to all other Whigs, ex-
cept the fact that he has been to Con-
gress. We suppose the question—
"Who is Gen. Alfred Dockery?"—will
shortly be answered by those who know
and, when we are enlightened, our
readers (or those of them who are not
already in advance of us) shall partici-
pate in the knowledge of his antecedents
and present proclivities. He is the
candidate of the Whigs—here is their
platform:

1. Resolved, That we cherish a cor-
dial and immovable attachment to the
Constitution and Union of the States,
and it is our determination to resist every
attempt to alienate any portion of our
country from the rest, and to enforce
the sacred ties which link together its
various parts.

2. Resolved, That we disapprove the
legislation of Congress by which the
Public Lands—the common property of
all the States—are so often appropriated
for the sole and exclusive benefit of the
new States, and we insist and shall con-
tinue to insist that the State of North
Carolina should receive her equal and
just share of the same, for purposes of
Education and Internal Improvement
within the State.

3. Resolved, That we reaffirm the
Resolution of the last Whig Convention
on the Compromise measures of 1850,
which declares them a final settlement
in principle and in substance, of the dan-
gerous and exciting subjects to which
they relate, and that we are in favor of
the doctrine of non-intervention by Con-
gress on the subject of slavery within the
territories of the United States, now held
or hereafter to be acquired.

4. Resolved, That we most decidedly
condemn the action of the President and
his Cabinet in their recent interference
in the local elections of sovereign States,
and regard their conduct as alike calcu-
lated to detract from the dignity of their
station and subversive of the dearest
rights of a free people.

5. Resolved, That the conduct of the
present Administration in the appoint-
ment of "Free Soilers" to office is an
unjustifiable insult to the southern por-
tion of the Union, and in violation of the
pledges upon which the party went into
power.

6. Resolved, That we are of opinion
that the people of North Carolina desire
a change in the Constitution of the State,
and that this can be most wisely and safe-
ly done by a Convention of Delegates
elected by the People; Therefore we recom-
mend to the Legislature to call such a
Convention, and in submitting the elec-
tion of Delegates to the people, so
provide as to preserve the present basis
of representation in the Legislature.

7. Resolved, That we are in favor of
increasing the efficiency of our present
Common Schools, so that the blessings of
liberal education may be freely diffused
throughout the State.

8. Resolved, That we are in favor of
a liberal system of Internal Improvement
on the part of North Carolina, and es-
pecially recommend the extension of the
North Carolina Road, East and West, to
the favorable consideration of the next
Legislature.

The first resolution means as much
as if the assembled wisdom of the Whig
party had resolved, as the result of the
matured deliberation, that the sun rises
in the East and sets in the West. Their
second resolution goes in for Distribu-
tion. All the resolutions are common-
place, except the 5th and 6th. The 5th
resolution repudiates the conduct of the
"present Administration in the appoint-
ment of Free-soilers to office." The
Convention did not condescend to in-
form us what "free-soilers" had been
appointed, nor indeed to assert the fact
at all, except by innuendo; and until they
do, that resolution may be dismissed as
so much twaddle. Men who can swal-
low Collamer and Corwin, without a
wry face, but who raise their hands in
holy horror at the appointment of officers
who now repudiate their past errors, are
the men who "strait at gnats and swal-
low camels."

The sixth resolution is interesting.
We all remember how vehement the
Whigs were in their denunciations of the
Free Suffrage "humbug." They ridicu-
led it as a mere hobby got up for ef-
fect. But a wonderful change has
come "o'er the spirit of their dreams."
They are extremely deferential all at
once, and now gravely concede "that
the people of North Carolina desire a
change in the Constitution of the State!"
Is it possible! Mark! they do not ex-
press any opinion themselves as to the
policy of extending the right of suffrage
to those who are now disfranchised of
the privilege of voting—but they admit
that "the people of North Carolina" want
Free Suffrage, and hence they have no
idea of jeopardizing success by openly
opposing it for the future! Neverthe-
less, they evince a secret determination
to throw all conceivable obstacles in the
way of achieving this great result; and
consequently they recommend a Con-
vention as the proper medium through
which—if at all—this end shall be ac-
complished. More hereafter.

Take your hat and leave clergy-
men who preach long sermons. If there
is anything that calls Satan right up
into a man's head and things, it is a ser-
mon about eleven miles long, with re-
capitulations, extra exhortations, high-
heeled dogologies, and similar institu-
tions. Elongated preachers send an
everlasting sight more people to Tophet
than to heaven. Will Rev. Mr. End-
less make a note of this?

Democratic Meeting in Perquimans
County.

At a meeting of the Democratic party
of Perquimans county on the 13th inst.,
Jos. T. Granbery was called to the Chair
and E. N. Riddick requested to act as
Secretary. The object of the meeting
having been explained by the Chair-
man, Mr. Jas. C. Skinner moved that the Chair-
man appoint ten delegates to attend the
State Convention which is to assemble
in Raleigh on the 19th April next.

The following were appointed in con-
formity thereto, James C. Skinner, El-
sah Perry, George Simpson, John P.
Jordan, Thomas Long, Henry Small,
James Goodwin and Joseph Madri.

On motion of Thos. Wilson, the names
of the Chairman and Secretary were
added.

Mr. Jas. C. Skinner then offered the
following which was unanimously adop-
ted:

Resolved, That the delegates appoint-
ed by this meeting to attend the Demo-
cratic Convention to be held in Raleigh,
for the purpose of nominating on the
part of the Democratic party, a candidate
for the office of Governor, be and they
are hereby instructed to oppose the
nomination of any man for that position,
who is in favor of the distribution of the
public lands or the proceeds thereof.

Mr. Thos. Wilson moved that the
proceedings be signed by the Chairman
and Secretary, and that the Democratic
Pioneer publish the same.

The meeting did not deem it necessary
to reiterate their adhesion to party prin-
ciples, and admiration of the present
executive, as the purity of Per-
quimans Democracy is above suspicion.

After the adoption of Mr. Skinner's
resolution of instruction, Mr. W. F.
Martin was called on and he responded
in a most felicitous manner. He took a
brief review of Democracy, its progress,
the happiness, the prosperity, and the
greatness it had conferred upon us as a
people and a nation, all of which was
told with that thrilling eloquence which
made an impression upon the audience
that time alone will efface.

J. T. GRANBERY, Ch'n.
ELSAH N. KIDDER, Sec'y.

Death of Hon. Robert Strange.

This event—the announcement of
which will be received with emotions of
deep regret throughout the State—oc-
curred at Fayetteville, on Sunday even-
ing, the 19th inst. Judge Strange was
fifty-nine years of age; and in that time
he had filled some of the highest trusts
in the State, and worn the Senatorial
robes in the national Legislature, with
equal credit to himself and honor to his
country. Judge S. had long been a
shining ornament to the Democratic party,
of which he was a member; and the
Democracy of the State evinced their
high appreciation of his talents and worth
by urging his claims upon the last Na-
tional Convention for the high office of
Vice President of the United States.—
Wheeler, in his History of North Caro-
lina, gives the following brief biog-
raphical sketch of the Life of the dis-
tinguished man whose death we are now
called upon to mourn:

Hon. Robert Strange represented the
town of Fayetteville in the house of com-
mons for many years. He is a native
of Virginia, and was born on the 20th of
September, 1796. He was educated at
Hamden Sidney College; studied law,
removed to North Carolina, and settled
in the town of Fayetteville, from which
he was elected a member of the house of
commons in 1821, and served, with
some interruptions, until 1826, when he
was elected a judge of our supreme courts,
which elevated position he held with
great credit to himself, and so much sat-
isfaction to his countrymen, that the
legislature, in 1836, elected him a sen-
ator in the Congress of the United States.

In this illustrious body (*Pulvis con-
scriptus* of the nation) the efforts of Judge
Strange were of a highly intellectual
character. His indomitable firmness and
unwavering support of whatever his
conscience assumed him was right com-
manded the respect of his co-peers in
the Senate. In private circles his good
humor and wit rendered him the wel-
come guest of all. He resigned his seat
in the Senate in 1840, under instructions
from the general assembly, glad to es-
cape from the "pitiless pelting of the
storms" of politics for the more serene
and lucrative pursuits of his profession,
of which he is the pride and ornament.
He is now solicitor of the fifth judicial
circuit of our State. The criminal code
could not be in safer hands. While from
his philanthropic disposition, the inno-
cent have nothing to fear, he is indeed
"a terror unto evil doers."

Not only in the profession of the law
and in the Senate has Judge Strange
been conspicuous, but as a writer he has
often been before the public. His style
is highly imaginative, his taste, charac-
terized by an intimate acquaintance with
the approved authors of the language of
every age, is classic and beautiful. His
eloquence upon Judge Gaston cannot but
affect the heart, improve the feelings,
and delight the mind of all who may
have the pleasure to read it.

MISSISSIPPI REPUTATION.—The Mis-
sissippi House of Representatives, by
vote of 73 to 7, laid on the table a mo-
tion directing a committee to report some
plan by which the State bonds of \$5,000,
000, issued many years since in favor of
the Union Bank of Mississippi, may be
paid. A clause in said resolution de-
claring the bonds valid and binding on
the State, was voted upon separately,
and negatively—yeas 18, nays 60.

How WITCHES WERE HUNG.—They
were rather hard on the Salem witches.
Among the court records of that ancient
town, there is preserved an order from
the Sheriff to his deputy, in which the
latter is commanded to take one of the
poor witches and hang her by the neck
"till she be dead and buried!" And the
deputy subjoins his testimony that he
has executed the order!

JOHN MINOR BOTTS,
Who was going to head John Tyler
or die, but who did neither, except as
to his political death, has written a vi-
olent letter in opposition to the Nebraska
bill. The Richmond Enquirer dresses
him down after a fashion which may be
inferred from the following winding-up
of its scathing criticism:

We wish the country distinctly to un-
derstand that he speaks only for John
Minor Botts. He has no constituency
here. As regards any influence which
he may be thought to exert in Virginia,
we may truly say, that he is a tradition,
and not a living reality. The time was
when he could command a body-guard
in this city, but even his personal follow-
ers have forsaken him. Beyond the vic-
inity of Richmond, he never had any
influence. The best men of his own
party would not trust him. In the public
esteem he held the position of a reck-
less adventurer, speculating in party and
trafficking with principles. He was never
true to an obligation. He represented
a Southern constituency in Congress,
and betrayed them. He represented an
Eastern constituency in the convention
and betrayed them. A succession of
humiliating defeats have revealed to him
the light in which he is held in Virginia,
and he is anxious to escape to some more
friendly region. Having no treasure
here, his heart is not with us. All his
hopes of promotion rest on a northern
basis, and he finds in Newark dinners
some consolation for neglect at home.—
A Virginian in name, he has no sym-
pathy in common, with the people of this
State. They repudiate his sentiments,
and challenge his authority to speak in
their behalf. If he will play the part of
traitor to the South, let not Virginia bear
the ignominy of his apostasy. Let him
assume an alias and hail from some lat-
titude north of 36 30'.

MARRIED.

In St. Pauls Church, Edenton, N. C.,
Rev. Samuel Johnston, the Rector, on Wed-
nesday the 13th inst., A. R. ELLIOTT, Esq.,
Norfolk county, Va., to Miss ELIZA-
VEY of Chowan county, N. C.

ANOTHER SCIENTIFIC WONDER.

Dr. J. S. Houghton, of the
University of Virginia, has prepared a
book, entitled, "The Rights of Woman,"
prepared from Rhetoric, or the Faculty of
the Orator, after the directions of Baron
Lamont, a great Physiologist, Chemist, by J. S.
Houghton, M. D., Philadelphia. This is truly a
valuable work, and one which should be
read by all. It contains a full and com-
plete account of the rights of woman, and
the duties of man, and is a most interest-
ing and valuable work. See notice among the medical
advertisements.

NORFOLK MARKET.

SATURDAY 9 FEBRUARY 24
BACON—Virginia and N. C. hogs
new 9 1/2 cts. Hams 11 1/2 cts.
CORN—White 75 1/2 cts. Yellow
Mixed 75 1/2 cts.
WHEAT—Red \$1 1/2 white \$1 1/2
FLOUR—\$8 to \$8 50
PLASTER—\$1 30
POPK—Mess. \$1 1/2
Prime \$1 1/2 a lb
STAVES—W. O. Pine 5 1/2 a 5 1/2
W. O. Hhd. \$1 1/2
R. O. Hhd. \$3 1/2 a 5 1/2
W. O. Heading scarce, \$1 1/2
Rough W. O. Hhd. \$1 1/2
FAR—Black, \$2 50
COTTON—9 to 10 cents.
LARD—104 cts.
PEAS—B. E. \$1 1/2 cts. from St.

BALTIMORE MARKET.—FEB.

Flour—Howard street and City
\$8
Wheat—Good to prime red
132 1/2; white do. 193 a 195 cts. act-
ing.
Corn—White corn, old, 32 1/2 cts.
do 33 1/2 cts. for yellow.

MARINE REPORT.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., February 25

For the week ending yesterday.

ARRIVED.

Schr. M. A. Pender, Mann, for N. C.
" Columbia, Parker
" Wm. Taylor, Frank
" Chas. Adams, Boston
" Henry & Thomas, Todd
" Mariah, Heath
" Comet
" Fanny French
" Scuppernon, Haynes
" J. J. Grandy, Simmons.

SAILED.

Schr. H. C. Lewis, Carrion, to N. C.
" Zenobia, Hill, Capps
" John Hardy, Poyner
" Sarah Francis, Wynne
" Josephine, Roughton
" John A. Benbury,
" Nag's Head, Day
" M. A. Cartwright, Rogers
" Lovey D. Tillet, Burke
" Charity, Woodhouse
" Wm. H. Harrison, Spiers
" Ann Hunter, Purdy
" M. A. Reid, Shannonhouse
" Monterey, Poyner
" Lizzie G. Russell, Owens
" Eugene, Garrett
" Industry, Baugh
" North State, Copes
" J. C. Peligian, Phelps
" Marcha, Armer
" Four Brothers, Hudson;

UNPRECEDENTED OPPORTUNITY
TO BUY BARGAINS.

The subscribers respectfully announce the
determination to sell their large and mag-
nificent stock of
FANCY GOODS AT COST,
as they intend making a change in their busi-
ness at a very early period. It would be
therefore, for the trade and dealers generally
call soon and make their selections, as the sale
will commence from this day and continue
until their splendid stock is all sold. Their
invoices have made their assortment the most
complete that ever was in Norfolk, com-
prising thousands of articles adapted expressly
to the wants of ladies and families. Call soon or
you may miss the bargains.

BLOGG & BUTTS

Norfolk, Feb. 23-24

SPRING GOODS.

JUST RECEIVED AT THE BEE HIVE
a complete assortment of Spring Goods
consisting in part of the following, viz:
Sleazy Blouses, &c.
Very Rich Black Rep. Ture Satin,
Very Rich Black Gro. de Rhine,
Summer Plaid Silks.
Underclothes, (part Mourning)
New styles Collars,
Cambric and Muslin Bands,
Embroidered Linen Handkerchiefs,
Rain Linen Scotch plaid edge do.
Table Cover and Cloths of Linen, &c.
Marcellus quilts, some of extra large size.
Toilet Towels, Towels, Linen Diapers.
A complete assortment of Cotton and Silk
Prints, &c.
JAMES SMITH, Proprietor.
Norfolk, Feb. 22.

